POEMATA LONDINENSIA,

Jam tandem

CONSUMMATA,

ET

In unum Volumen redacta:

VIZ.

- *Conflagratio Londinenſis.* — *Anglo-Latina.*
- *Londini quod Reliquum.* — *Anglo-Latina.*
- *Actio in Lond. Incendiarios.* — *Latina tantum.*
- *Londini Renaſcentis Imago.* — *Latina tantum.*

LONDINI,

Excudebat *A.M.* pro *Sa:Gellibrand*, 1668.

Conflagratio Londinensis Poetice Depicta.

THE

Conflagration

OF

LONDON:

POETICALLY

DESCRIBED,

Both in

LATIN and *ENGLISH.*

Ut Pictura, Poesis. Horat. Art. Poet.

The Second Edition, with large Additions.

LONDON,
Printed for *Sa: Gellibrand*, 1667.

Ad Virum Nobiliſſim. Doctiſſimumq;

JACOBUM LANGHAM, Eq;

Aur. Authoris Hendecaſyllabon, ne vacaret Pagella, inſertum.

EN, rurſum variæ, (vides, Jacobe)
Cenſuræ expoſitum novum Poetam.
Nam ſunt, quos juvat eſſe me Poetam:
Sunt, queis diſplicet eſſe me Poetam:
Eſt, qui pernegat eſſe me Poetam; &
Mirum eſt omnibus eſſe me Poetam.

Cui parti faveat, rogas, Jacobe,
Diſtinctus variis notis Poeta?
Gratum eſt, ſi faveant boni Poetæ.
Parvum eſt, quod blaterant mali Poetæ.
Certe, ſum invidia minor Poeta: &
Miror me fore taliter Poetam.

Sed ſunt, queis Genius favet Poeſi:
Sunt queis ingenium dedit Poeſin.
Ut ſunt & quos favor inſerit Poetis.
Et quos Materies facit Poetas.
Me, ſi (Langhame) judices Poetam,
Extremis numerato cum Poetis.

The Conflagration *of* LONDON *Poetically Delineated;*

Directed to the most Noble *and* Deserving Citizen, *Sir* John Laugham, *Knight and Baronet.*

Poetry's Painting, *Horat.*

WHat *ayls* the *Poet*? What unwonted *Fire*
Thus on a suddain doth his breſt *inſpire*?
'Tis *Thine*, O *London.* From thy *Funeral Urn*
Thoſe *Flames* take birth, that do thy *Poet burn.*
Ætna is my *Parnaſſus*; and a *Cup*
Of *liquid Fire*, *Veſuvius* belcheth up,
My *Sacred Spring.* To give theſe *Paſſions* vent,
I need no other *Muſe* then th' *Argument.*
Your Favour, *Sir*, my *Muſe* and I implore;
(*Friend* to the *Poet*, to the *Muſes more*:)
'Tis your *Concern.* Thoſe *Neighbour-flames* I ſing,
That *Divine Mercy* to remembrance bring,
Which thoſe *ſmall Reliques*, where a *part you have*,
So lately *ſnatcht* from a *great City's Grave.*
Long had the *Peſt* with an *infectious breath*
From *emptied Houſes* throng'd the *Gates of Death.*
The *Bed-man's Tumbrill* no *diſtinction* made:
Where once their *Dirt*, chief *Citizens* were lay'd:

The

Conflagratio LONDINENSIS Poetice Depicta;

Patricioque, Nobiliſſimo, Doctiſſimoque, *JACOBUM LANGHAM*, Eq. Aur. *Inſcripta.*

Ut Pictura Poeſis, *Horat.*

HÆc nova *quæ* rabies Vati? *Quis carminis* æſtus
Jamdudum inſueta populatur pectora flamma?
Nempe tua (Urbs noſtræ *quondam* celeberrima
Funera *deflentes*, *cognato carpimur* Igne. (Gentis)
Ætna *mihi* Parnaſſus, *& hauſto plena* Veſevo
Mens furit, *& totis* incendia *miſta* medullis
Concipit: *In* Muſam *mihi ſufficit* Argumentum:
Tu modo, (Vir *dilecte* mihi, *dilecte* Camœnis)
Uſq; fave, *dum* magna *abſolvimus auſa* minores.
Nam tua *res agitur*. *Tot* proxima Buſta *canentes*
Te monitum officii *volumus*, parvaſq; *furentis*
Relliquias Ignis, (tantæ tantilla *ruinæ*
Fragmenta) *æterno dignas ut* Numine *grates*
Reddatis; vobis, *quo*, flamma, *jubente*, pepercit.
Nupera tabifici *ſævam* inclementia Cœli
Ediderat ſtragem; *denſato* funere *totas*
Exhauſit Libitina *Domos*, plauſtroq; gementi
Miſcuit aggeſtam nullo diſcrimine *Turbam*:

Sæpe

The *Sexton* oft the *Grave* himſelf did *fill*,
He *digg*'d for *others*; oft the *Weekly Bill*
Swell'd with its *Makers*; oft it did *betide*,
That who *lay*'d *out* his *Friend*, *lay* by his *ſide*:
When (th' *barking Starr* twice *lodg*'d)'twas hop'd withall
A ſecond *Autumn* would not prove a *Fall*.
But, *truſted Hope*, like *Bankrupts*, doth *compound*.
For ere the long *contagious ayre* grew *ſound*,
And from th' exceſs of *Peſtilential heat*,
London's *Pulſe* did to *healthful meaſure* beat,
A far more *doleful Fever* her befalls.
A *Fatal Fire* conceiv'd in *private Walls*,
Nurs'd by *Contempt*, at laſt grows *paſt Arreſt*;
Defies all *Aides*, and ſcorns to be *ſuppreſt*.
'Twas in the *dotage* of th' *expiring Night*,
When *Sol*'s ſhrill *Bird* proclaim'd th' *approaching Light*,
And th' *Eaſtern Starres* began to *ſhrink* away,
Before the *gloryes* of the mounting *Day*:
When th' *wakeful Bell-man* from the *City*'s *eyes*
Chas'd *tempting ſleep* with his *affrighting cryes*.
All *leave* their *beds* before the *earlieſt Lark*,
Groping their *clothes* firſt, then their *way*, i'th' *dark*.
Each *door*'s *unlockt*, and in the *clamorous ſtreet*,
Diſtracted Crowds, and *doubtful tydings* meet.
Till, 'twixt the *Sun* and *Flame*, a *Sacred Day*
(*London*'s *ſad Lords-Day*) broke; The *Heavenly Ray*
Strain'*d* through the *waving blaze*, upon each *Spire*
Of th' adverſe *Pyramids pourtray*'*d* the *Fire*.
God's *Bellows* blow the *Coals*, and ev'ry where
Toſs *wanton Fire-balls* dancing in the *Air*.

The

Sæpe aliud *fuerat quæ ſuſceptura* cadaver,
Præripuit veſpillo ſcrobem; *numerumq; cadentum*
Ædituus referens, *mox additus ipſe* relato *eſt:*
Et ſua *compoſitis* Pollinctor *funera junxit.*
Pomifer *alter adeſt* Autumnus, *& altera diram*
Effudit ſaniem latrante Canicula *rictu.*
Cum ſpes afflictis blanditur credula rebus;
Nec dum tota *tamen* (*lethali noxia* tabo)
Deſævit Peſtis; *nec dum redeunte ſalute*
Abſumptum *ſenſit, ſanato ſidere,* virus:
Cum laſſata novam *cumulata ſtrage* ruinam
Urbs *patitur. Parvus, contemptuq; auctior,* Ignis
Graſſatur *late; vaſtamq; per omnia* cladem
Spargit, inacceſſo Bacchatus *ubiq;* furore.
Nox *fuit, a* medii declivis tramite Cœli,
Prædixitq; *ſono lucem* Phœbeïus Ales,
Et clarum ſparſura Diem Titania lampas
Jam matutini *minuebat* ſidera Mundi:
Intonuit *cum voce* Vigil, *ſomnumq; trementi*
Excuſſit *placidum* feralis Nuncius *Urbi:*
Mollibus e ſtratis raptim projecta *levantur*
Corpora, *& in tenebris* palpantur tegmina *cæcis:*
Limina *mox* reſerant *pavidi,* tectiſq; relictis,
Quilibet ambiguum *captat per compita* Murmur.
Jamq; dies *oritur,* feſta *celebranda* quiete.
Triſte *micat cum* Sole jubar: *ſimul* aurea miſcent
Lumina, *&* Eoa *pariter vibrantur ab* ora;
Culminaq; ambiguo ſplendore *adverſa coruſcant.*
Quinetiam accenſos *animavit* follibus Ignes
Eurus, *in æthereo volvens* Incendia *Cælo.*

Undiq;

The *liquid Pitch* in *flaming clouds* doth rowle,
(The *draught* of *Heaven ſhriveli'd* to a *ſcrowle*)
And *clammy Lightnings* in ſtrange *Figure*, falls,
Like *ſparks*, from *beaten Links* at Funeralls.
The *ſcared Citizens*, with trembling, *gaze*
To watch the *downfall* of the *hovering blaze*:
Till, where leaſt *fear'd*, it *lights*; and *fatal ſhowres*
Through *Chimney-tops* into their *dwellings* powres.
Buckets, and *Pumps* they now for ſervice *preſs*:
The *ſervice hot*, and *dubious* the *ſucceſs*:
They *drain* the *Thames*, and from the *broken Lead*
Divert the *ſtreams* which *private dwellings* fed.
Each *ſtreet* a *Brook* becomes, each *dam* a *Pond*;
Caſk knockt o'th' *Head*, and *nobleſt Juyces* tumu'd
Not for *theſe Uſes*, now to *theſe aſſign'd*:
The *ſober ſtream* with *ſprightful Nectar* joyn'd,
Great Engines on the *thirſty flame* did *ſhed*,
But what the *one* did *quench*, the *other fed*:
For th' *unctuous Liquors* with the *Foe conſpire*,
And *drunken Vulcan* vomits *fiercer fire*.
Who *dwelt together*, now *together burn*;
And *Houſes mix'd*, to *mixed Aſhes* turn.
What was the *Nurſe* of *Trade*, becomes its *Fate*;
And *Neighbourhood* doth now *depopulate*:
The *Flame*'s augmented by the *Houſes crowd*,
Its *Hunger* ſtill encreaſing with its *Food*.
The *Mower* ſtrikes not more *deſtructive ſtrokes*,
When from the *field* he polls her *golden lockes*;
Then doth the *flaming Sythe* deal *fatal blowes*,
Whiles *ſtreets* on *ſwathes* its *keener fury* throwes.

Now,

Vndiq; ſulphureæ *librantur in Aëre* Nubes,
Huc, illuc, vento raptæ, *caſuq;* minaces.
Et, veluti flagrante Polo, *per inane rotantur*
Lampades, *in* varias *ſparſo fervore* figuras,
Pinguia *longinquo jaculantes* fulgura *Tractu;*
Deindè cadunt, *ſummiſq;* ardent faſtigia tectis,
Irriguiſq; *ſimul perfundunt* Ignibus *ædes,*
Flamma tenax *piceis quaſcunq; amplectitur* Ulnis.
Dum tamen eſt undis *viſus ſuperabilis* Hoſtis,
Flumine *certatum eſt; Vbertim affunditur* Humor;
Hauritur ſitulis Thamiſis; *cæduntur ubique,*
Qui privata prius ſubierunt Tecta, canales:
Vicatim *ruit* Unda, *objectoq; aggere* ſtagnat.
Quinetiam, effractis vacuantur Dolia *fundis,*
Egeriturq; liquor *non* hos *ſervatus in* uſus.
Sobria Nympha *fluit* generoſo *miſta* Lyæo;
Pugnanteſq; *ſimul jaculatur Machina* fluctus,
Extincturа ſitim Vulcani; *at victa* Lyæo
Nympha *fuit donec nimio perfuſus* Jacchо
Ebrius evomuit *duplicatos* Mulciber *Ignes.*
Jamq; ardent junctæ vicinis æſtibus *ædes.*
Exitio *eſt* habitare ſimul; commercia Vitæ
Mutua *quod dederat, ſpargit* contagia Fati.
Namq; novi *augentur* conferta ſtrage *furores,*
Congeſtaq; fames *Vulcani creſcit ab* offa.
Vtq; ſimul denſas proſternit Meſſor *ariſtas,*
Auratiſq; comis *ſpoliatum* nudat agellum:
Sic acies *vaſtam* rutilans *demeſſuit* Urbem,
Fæcundam flammæ ſegetem, *qua* denſior *nulla*
Haud fuit in Terris Phœbo *ſub* utroq; *locatis.*

Now, *Water's uſeleſs*: and the next intent
Is, by *great Ruines*, *greater* to prevent.
By *Hooks* and *Mines*, *next Houſes* levell'd lye,
In hope the *Flames* may for meer *Hunger* dye:
But all in vain. Thoſe *Ruines* prove a *Stile*
O're which the *Fire ſtrides* to the *ſtanding Pile*.
Yea, where its *actual contact* is *deni'de*,
Like Miſchiefs from *inflamed Aire* betide.
Here *ruinous cracks*, there *doleful ſhriekes* do ſound,
And thoſe that *danger* ſhould *unite*, *confound*.
That *hoſtile Ships* poſſeſs'd the *River*, and
Pour'd *French* and *Dutch* in *numerous Hoaſts* on *Land*;
And *vaunting Romaniſts* in armed *Troopes*
Were ready to *go forth*, and *meet* their *Hopes*;
(*Terrors*, in th' *Iſſue*, vain) mean while, became
(Nurs'd by *reports*) as *fatal* as the *Flame*.
Falſe fears ſuggeſted, *common aydes* diſtract:
Whiles *each* his *Cabin voids*, the *Veſſel's wrackt*.
Nothing but *flight* now any *comfort* yeelds;
As if mens *hearts* were ſunk into their *heels*:
Who *ſtayes behind*, is thought *reſolv'd to dye*;
And none *truſts* ought *above him*, but the *skye*.
So have I ſeen, when with a *fatal ſpade*
The *Gard'ner* doth an *Emmet-hill invade*,
How ſoon the *laden crowd* is ſcatter'd wide,
And the *black Troopes* their *narrow paths* do hide.
Their *brood* and *wealth* is all diſpers'd abroad;
Though none can *tell* where to *diſcharge* his *load*,
Yet all *conſent* to *flye* their *ruinous cell*,
And ſeek *new homes* where they may *ſafer dwell*.

Thus

Flumineam *dum ſpernit* Opem Vulcanius Hoſtis,
Hic uncis, *illinc* nitrato pulvere, *Cives*
Proxima graſſanti ſubvertunt *tecta ruinæ*,
Præripiuntq; *avidis obnoxia* pabula Flammis.
Incaſſum. Proſtrata etenim per rudera *ſcandens*
Ignea Tempeſtas, *diſtantes contigit ædes.*
Quin, neq; jam contactu *opus eſt*; *longeq;* remota
Æſtibus aſſiduis ignitus *corripit Aer.*
Cuncta fragore *ſtrepunt, circumſonat undiq;* Terror.
Armatas acies, *infeſtaq;* ſigna *moveri*
Creditum, & hoſtili Thamiſin *fervere* tumultu;
Et ruere ad Portas *permiſtis* Gallica Belgis
Agmina, & auxiliis Papales *addere* Turmas.
Ignoto *quæcunq; volant* Authore, *timentur*
Pro veris; *nutritq; ſonos* vox publica *inanes.*
Hinc oritur clamor diſcors: falſiq; pavores
Diſſociant *junctas ad* certa pericula *vires.*
Dum ſibi *quiſq;* cavet, *cumulantur* publica damna.
Diripit *ipſa* ſuos *in condita turba* Penates:
Et, (velut in pedibus *reſtet* ſpes una ſalutis,)
Direptam fugiunt, *quaqua patet exitus*, urbem,
Vix auſi quicquam niſi aperto *credere* Cœlo.
Haud aliter Foſſor, *terram verſante ligone*,
Si Formicarum *fortaſſe invaſerit* ædes;
Denſa cohors *hinc, inde*, humeris *diſcurrit* onuſtis,
Et nigra *anguſtos abſcondunt* agmina *calles:*
Momento egeritur fætuſq; *& parva* ſupellex,
Quo tamen incertum *eſt*; Unum *hoc* commune *videtur*
Conſilium Genti, *temerata* relinquere Tecta,
Everſaq; *novas* patria *ſibi quærere ſedes.*

Thus *ſcatter'd Citizens* trudg up and down,
Some charg'd with *others* Goods, ſome with their *own*.
Each hinders *other*, and obſtructs his way:
Vſeleſs the *moſt*, except (perhaps) they *pray*.
Th' *uncertain crowd* with *various motion* reeles,
And *following feet* oppreſs *preceding heeles*.
The *poor* man's *burden*'s *light*, as is his *foot*;
The *rich* man's *load* his *ſlower pace* doth ſuit.
The *Porter* makes his *Markets* in the *wrack*,
A *Friend* or *Foe*, as he *beſtows* his *Pack*.
And *happy* now's the *mean eſtate*! The *higher*
Affords but *richer prey* to *Thieves* and *Fire*.
The rates of *Portage* with the *danger* riſe,
Sometimes *half-value*'s thought but *equal Price*:
And ſometimes *half*'s too ſhort; *Juſtice* gives *odds*
To him that ſtakes a *Life* againſt *my Goods*.
The *Country* is *deſerted* round about,
Some *love* brings in, ſome *fear*; to ſome (no doubt)
The motive's *gain*, no matter how it *riſes*,
The *greateſt Hurryes* yeeld the *richeſt prizes*.
Each *Rode* grows *warm* with *Travellers*, and they
Again *reflected warmth* feel from their *way*.
Some *thought* it (though) *worth* many a *weary pace*,
To *ſee*, whiles *ought remain'd*, what *London* was.
But *ſtay*, my *Muſe*. A *thouſand Tongues* to ſhew
The *City*'s *Hurryes*, would be found *too few*.
For, as in *Shipwrack*, when through *yawning chinks*
The batter'd Veſſel *floods* of water *drinks*:
One *ſtares*, another's *pale*, a third doth *ſpill*
His *tears* into the *Brine* he is to *ſwill*:

Mæſta *per* intactas *palatur* Turba plateas,
Sarcinulis onerata ſuis *pars*, *pars* alienis.
Impediunt alios alii, *numeroq;* retardant
Auxilia, *&* ſolo *prodeſt pars maxima* voto.
Truditur hic *veniente* prior, *truditq;* priorem,
Inq; vicem *confuſa cohors* urgetur, *&* urget.
Hic, *velox* parvo *properat ſub* pondere pauper;
Prægrandi tardus *nimium gemit* ille *ſub* auro.
Bajulus *in partem* prædæ *diſcurrit*, *& ipſas*
Queis venit auxilio, *velut Hoſtis*, diripit *ædes*.
Eſſe in opem *quandoq;* juvat! *Quo quiſq;* minora
Poſſidet, *hoc* minor *eſt* flammæ furumq; *rapina*.
Nec non, Vecturæ *pretium*, creſcente periclo,
Creſcit; *&* (*in ſpolium intentus*) *ſua* Portitor *ipſe*
Pondera, *cum* Dominis pacto *partitur* iniquo.
Juſta *tamen quandoq;* petit, diſcrimina vitæ
Qui ſubit, *&* ſemeſa *rapit* ſua præmia *flammis*.
Ruſtica *& oppidulis concurrit* Turba *relictis*.
Semita *nulla* vacat; *properantibus addidit* alas
Aut amor, *aut* metus, *aut lucris devota* cupido
Turpibus; *omnis* equis *&* curribus orbita fervet:
Multis cauſa viæ *eſt*, *ſtantem* vidiſſe, *ſuiſq;*
Qualis erit quondam, monſtrare nepotibus *urbem*.
Aſt ego quid nitor *complecti* ſingula *Verſu*?
Non, *ſi* mille *mihi* linguæ *ſint*, oraq; *poſſem*
Diſtractæ innumeros *Urbis memorare* Tumultus.
Nam, *veluti* concuſſa *bibit cum* Nerea pinus,
Fractaq; *diſſiliunt jactatæ* membra *carinæ*;
Hic ſtupet, *hic* pallet, *fletu* madet *alter inani*
Sorbendumq; ſalem lacrimarum *flumine* miſcet;

Nau-

A fourth *leaps over-board*, and for his *life*
Beſtirres his *Arms*; on *top-ſayle* percht, a fifth
With's *weight* the *leaning Veſſel* overbears:
A *broken Plank* another *freights*, and *ſteers*;
Yea, oft the *ſame plank* divers ſeek to *ſtride*,
Till, whoſe *boat* it ſhall be, by *battel* try'de.
So *far'd* it *here*. The *fright*, in all the *ſame*,
Appear'd in *various ſhapes*. In one, the *flame*
Beheld, congeals his *blood* to *Ice*; and then
As 'tis *felt nearer*, *thaws* that *Ice* agen.
Another, on *four legs* eſcapes, his eye
Turn'd *back*, for fear the *flame* ſhould *ſwifter flye*.
A third, betwixt *two counſels* holds the *ſcales*;
Fear ſwayes the *beam*, and then the *worſt prevails*.
Others, *miſtake* their *way*, amaz'd, and *run*
Into the *danger* that they ſeek to *ſhun*.
And ſome, that *ſpent* by *long diſeaſes* were,
For their *cure* ſtand obliged to their *fear*:
To *flye*, or *dye*, was now their *choice*; that, *made 'um*
To *uſe* their *limbs*, and then they *felt*, they *had 'um*.
For cloſe, a *naked Tribe* appears, (though *glad*
Their *lives* are ſafe with *loſs* of *all* they had)
Great Inſtances, how *little Nature* needs,
And, *How much too much* our *Exceſſes* feeds!
An *hedg* with *Hangings* by *Arachne* ſpun,
From *twig* to *twig*, keeps off the *mid-day Sun*.
From *rain*, a *ſheet* on *cords extended*, ſhields;
Next *Bank* a *ſafe*, though *homely Chimney*, yields,
Where, a *courſe loaf* on *coals diſperſed*, broyles;
And a *ſmall pipkin* the *ſlight dinner* boyles.

The

Naufragium *facit ille* ſibi, *vitamq;* lacertis
Committit; *ſummiq;* *alter* carcheſia mali
Scandit, *&* acclivem *ſubvertit pondere* puppim;
Eſt etiam, *æquato* Tabulam *qui corpore* librat,
Remigioq; *ſuæ ſulcat freta cærula* dextræ;
Sæpe etiam a multis aſſer *conſcenditur* idem,
Et de communi *miſcentur prælia* cymba:
Hic Timor unus *erat*, Facies non una Timoris.
Frigidus *huic* glacie *ſanguis concreſcit* inerti,
Nec niſi vicinæ tepet *ad* contagia flammæ;
Hic binis quadrupes baculis *fugit*, *atq;* *relictum*,
Ne prendat veritus tardantem, *reſpicit* Ignem,
Ambiguo trepidat *dum penſat ſingula motu*
Alter, *&* incertum *præponens* tuta *recuſat*.
Nec deſunt, *quibus ipſe* metus pars *magna* pericli *eſt*,
Anceipiteſq; *errore viæ*, *ſeducit in* æſtus,
Sunt quoq; *queis* longo *tardantur corpora* Morbo,
Quiq; *gravi ſua* membra *trahunt* languentia *niſu*;
Fit medicina Timor, *cunctiſq;* potentior Herbis
Reſtituit lapſas *tanto in diſcrimine* vires.
Deniq; *ſpectantur*, *quos* nudos *flamma remiſit*;
(Grata *cohors*, anima minuens *ſua* damna recepta)
Optima, quantillo *poterit* natura *foveri*
Exempla, *&* quanto nimium *eſt quo* luxus *abundat*.
Excludit ſepes *ſolem* ſpinoſa; domumq;
Aulæis *ornat ſubitam* ſilveſtris Arachne.
Funiculis lodix *rapido prætenditur Imbri*:
Aggere *in acclivi* tutum *fumante* camino,
Verſatur, prunis *nimium ferventibus* uſtus
Panis; *&* *in* modica *lixantur prandia* Teſta;

Ster-

The *Table*, *Turf*; the *Cellar*, is a *Pool*;
A *ſtone*, by *turns*, a *Bolſter*, and a *Stool*.
The *Babe*, once lapp'd in *Silks*, now lyes in *Rags*;
On the *green floore* the ſorry *Cradle* wags:
The *Mother*, in a *Nurſes poſture*, by,
Charms him *aſleep* with a *ſad Lullaby*:
Kind *Robin* anſwers her with *mournful Tones*,
And the *ſhrill Eccho* doubles th' *Infant-moans*:
Now *range* the *flames*, like *Travellers in Peace*.
Where *ſucceſs hopeleſs* is, *endeavours ceaſe*.
The *Battel's* given for *loſt*: and *former checks*
The *Victor* into *hotter Vengeance* vex.
O'reflowing eyes their *flaming-Homes* bewail;
But *Tears* cannot, where *Flouds* would not avail.
So th' *helpleſs Bird* about her *plund'red Neſt*
Chatters, and *flutters*; fain ſhe would *arreſt*
Her *Fate*; but *over-match't*, takes the *next Tree*,
And there *bemoans* the wrack ſhe's forc'd to *ſee*.
Some crowd the *Tops* of *Steeples*, thence to *take*
Their *laſt farwel* of (what they muſt *forſake*)
Dear LONDON: but ſoon *glutted* with the *ſight*,
Kiſs the *kind Turrets*, and bid 'um *Good night*.
Here *Cæſar* comes, with *Buckets* in His *eyes*,
And *Father* in His *heart*. *Come*, *come*, he cryes,
Let's make *one onſet* more. The *ſcatter'd Troupes*
At his word *rally*, and *retrieve* their *Hopes*.
The *Rebel-Flames*, they ſay, felt *CHARLES* was there;
And *ſneaking* back, grew *tamer* then they were:
So that, no doubt, were *Fates* to be *defeated*
By *man*, the *City's Fate* had been retreated.

But

Sternitur in menſam Tumulus; *dat* pocula ſtagnum;
Sella, lapis, *niſi cum* premitur cervice cubante, *eſt*.
Faſciat *& laceris* lactentia viſcera *pannis*
Mater, *& in viridi diſponit ceſpite* cunas:
Aſſidet ipſa, genu ſuffulta *&* calce reducto,
Invitatq; *leves lugubri carmine* ſomnos;
Dum pius *humanis complorans caſibus* Ales
Concinit, *& teneris* vagitibus aſſonat Echo.
Jam data pax Igni: *Nullo prohibente*, vagatur.
Deſperata ſalus conatus *reddit* inertes.
Auxilium *omne malis* laſſum ſuccumbit; *&* æſtus
Repreſſi *toties*, *nec* victi, *ſævior* Ira *eſt*.
Spectant attoniti *ſua Tecta ruentia* Cives;
Et fundunt lacrimas, lacrimis *nec poſſe* domari
Spes eſt, diluvium *quos vix* extingueret, Ignes.
Sic, puero *rapiente tuos*, Philomela, Penates,
Qua licet, *accedens* plauſis *innoxia* pennis,
Subſultimq; *premens vicinæ vimina quercus*,
Voce ſtrepis, *ſed* voce nequis *tua ſiſtere* Damna,
Eſt quoque, *qui mœſto ſcandit* faſtigia *greſſu*,
Templorum; *extremum viſu fruiturus* amatæ
Dum liceat, patriæ; plenuſq; *deinde* videndo,
Ultima *culminibus deſcendens* oſcula *figit*.
Subſidio mox Cœſar *adeſt*, *operamq*; *remiſſam*
Excitat; *utq*; Patrem Patriæ (*poſcente periclo*)
Induerat *totis*, exuto Rege, *medullis*:
Sic monitis, precibus, lacrimis, *ceſſantibus inſtat*,
Ignis uti Carolum *ſentiret adeſſe* rebellis.
Nec dubium, *humanis ſi poſſet viribus ultra*
Obſiſti Fatis, *habitura ibi* Fata regreſſum.

But *Loyalty* befriends the *Flames*. Their *own*
Dangers neglected, thine *affrights*. Alone,
Alone, dear Sir, let's *fall*, they *cry'd aloud*,
And hazard not *three Kingdoms* in a *croud*.
Long may *King CHARLES* ſurvive his *Cityes Fate*,
His *Life*, and all our *Hopes* bear *equal Date*.
Flames can't *undo* us, whiles the *King*'s *ſecure*:
He *loſt*, though *ſav'd* from *flames*, we muſt *be poor*.
Thus did the *pious Trojan* venture *rather*
All's Treaſure to the *City's wrack*, then's *Father*!
His *Subjects Love* forc'd *Cæſar* to *withdraw*,
More *griev'd* to *leave* the *Loyalty* he ſaw.
Next, *Princely YORK*, with *ſweat* and *dirt* beſmear'd,
(More *glorious* thus, then in his *Robes*) appear'd.
He, *Neptune-like*, his *watry Realm* doth *raiſe*,
And's *Noble Arm* the *ſpit-ſtoud Engine* ſwayes:
That *baffled*, next his *Thundring-Cannons* ſpewe
An *armed blaze*, with *Flames*, *Flames* to *ſubdue*.
But whom the *conquer'd Dutch* and *French* did *flie*,
Theſe *Foes* ('twas *out* of's *Element*) defie.
All *Help* at *laſt* grows *helpleſs*, but the *Laſt*:
That too, they *try*. To *Churches*, now in haſt
Some flye for ſhelter, *ne're* were there *before*;
Others, to *mourn* they ne're ſhall *ſee* 'um more.
The *flames* even *them*, with th' *owners leave*, ſurpriſe,
Nor was't then *Sacriledg*, but *Sacrifice*.
That *reverend Fabrick* which the *World admir'd*,
Amongſt a *crowd* of *leſſer note* is fir'd.
Its *Cloud-ſurmounting Steeple* flam'd ſo high,
That *threaten'd Heavens* ne're fear'd a *flame ſo nigh*.

Yea,

Immemor *ipſa* ſui, *tua* jam (Rex chare) *pericla*
Urbs metuit. Quoties dubiæ *committere* Turbæ,
Dilectum *vetuere* caput; ſoliſq; *perire*
Ut per Te *liceat, petierunt*, Carole, Cives!
Vive diu, *dixere*, Parens, *noſtriſq; ſuperſtes*
Funeribus, ſuperes Pylii *tria ſæcla* Tyranni;
Cede *modo, & noſtris* ſpem Regni *ſubtrahe Fatis*.
Te *ſalvo*, Columen Rerum, *nos* nulla ruina
Funditus *evertet*; Tibi *ſi quis* caſus iniquus
Obtigerit, flamma *quamvis* parcente, *ruemus*.
Sic pius *eduxit*, Troja *flagrante*, Parentem
Æneas, animamq; *opibus tot prætulit* Unam!
Victa *eſt* Majeſtas Pietate; *dolenſq;* recedit,
Et magis inde dolens *ubi* ſic *ſe vidit* amari.
Tu ſimul, Eboracenſis, *ades*, ſudore, lutoq;
Sordidus, at Tyrio *minus aſpectabilis* Oſtro:
Poſcis aquas, *iterumq; cies*, (tua Regna) *profundum*:
Undivoma *atq; tua contorta eſt* Machina *Dextra*.
Teq; ſalutares, Bombarda armata *jubente*,
Evomuit flammas, *diſcuſſit &* Ignibus Ignes.
Quas timuere tamen Batavi, Galliq; *feroces*,
Non timet Ignipotens *accenſas* Mulciber *Iras*.
Ultima *Plebs tandem ſenſit* conanima *fruſtra*
Intendi; *& votis* Numen (*quæ ſola ſuperſunt*)
Sollicitat; *votis ſed* inexorabile Numen.
Dum delubra petunt, ardent delubra; *nec ipſis*
Sacrilega *Omnipotens* incendia *depulit Aris*.
Teq; ſtupor Mundi, Moles Paulina, *tuamq;*
Pyramidem, *ſummo* ferientem Vertice Nubes,
Corripiunt Ignes avidi, *&* Cœlo *inde* minantur;

Yea, ſome *beholders* thought 'twas *more* then *fear'd*,
Whilſt *falling-ſparks* like *falling-ſtarres* appear'd.
The *Fates* themſelves *burnt Monuments* entomb'd.
Their *Alabaſter* melts, and (what's preſum'd
Beyond *Art*'s Power) *Marble*'s *fuſile* grown;
The *ſacred Reliques* of the *dead* are *thrown*
Out of their *Tombs*; and by a means unthought,
Are, with their *Tombs*, from *Duſt* to *Aſhes* brought.
[*At Building Pauls*] in the *late Proverbs* ſenſe,
Henceforth, I doubt, may *Propheſie* commence.
And *after-times* for what of it they know,
Shall more to th' *Pencil*, then the *Trowel* owe.
Oft, unawares, doth man's *preſaging mind*
Sent future Harms! ſure, *Dugdale*, that inclin'd
Thy too *Prophetick Genius* to prevent
The *Fate* of that *illuſtrious Monument*,
Which, *what it was*, (ſith 'twas not *long to be*)
Had ſcarce been *long-knowable*, but for *Thee*.
Write *Dugdale*, with thy *Founders*, *Pauls*, and more;
Immortal made by *him*, by *none*, before.
With *ſacred flames*, a *learned blaze* doth riſe;
(For *Twins*. they ſay, *Twin-fates* do oft ſurpriſe)
The *Labours* of the teeming *Preſs* and *Brain*,
(An off-ſpring *Ages* can't reſtore again)
One *Hour* deſtroyes. St. *Faith*'s betruſted *Cell*,
(For *publique Faith* it was) turn'd *Infidel*.
So *Phœbus* ne're for *Phaethorn* did mourn,
As now he did. The *Siſters Nine* did burn
Their *Golden Treſſes* in the *richer Fire*;
Minerva did her *Court* in *blacks* attire.

Tear-

Nec timuere unquam propriores *ſidera* flammas.
Quinetiam, ſimiles *referunt* labentibus aſtris
Culmine ab excelſo viſas cecidiſſe favillas.
Ipſaq; ſuccenſis tumulantur Fata *ſepulchris:*
Effluit in flammas Alabaſtrum; *ipſumq;* (*quod* Arte
Poſſe negant fieri) *fit* caſu fuſile Marmor.
Quinetiam, excelſo delapſa cacumine moles
Corpora *nudavit* Tumulis expreſſa; *ſuis quæ*
Cum Tumulis *fiunt, jam, pluſquam nomine*, Buſta.
Jamduduw reparanda Domus, *jam tota* ruinis
Succumbis, *nullo deinceps* reparabilis *ævo.*
Sed nec Tota *peris, quam* poſtera *ſentiet* ætas
Dugdaliis *nuper deſcriptam vivere* chartis.
O, quoties præſaga mali *mens noſtra* faturi *eſt*,
Nec tamen agnoſcit! *Certe hæc te*, Dugdale; *Vates*
Præmonuit, memori *ſculptam mandare* Tabellæ
Illuſtrem *hanc* Ædem, *quæ* (*tam cito* nulla futura)
Qualis *erat, poſt hac, niſi* per Te, ignota futura *eſt.*
Diviſam Famam *cum* Fundatore, *proinde*
Tu Deſcriptor *habes*; *niſi quod tua* Gloria major,
Qui facis æternam, *quam ſtruxerat ille* caducam.
Nec non, (*fertur enim* ſociari *Fata* Gemellis)
Augentur ſacri doctis Ardoribus Ignes.
Immumeroſq; ſimul cerebri præliq; *labores*,
(Ætatum prolem) *in cineres* brevis Hora *reſolvit.*
Gaza *fuit, penſo contra* pretioſior Auro,
Depoſita *ad* ſanctæ Fidei; *ſed* (rara *reperta eſt*
Publica, ſancta Fides) *inimicis* prodita Flammis.
Te Phaethonteis *minus indoluiſſe* ruinis
Phœbe, *ferunt*; ſciſſoq; *rogos auxere* ſorores

Crine

Tear-ſlouds foul'd *Helicon*; your *Poets Wit*
Runs *muddy* (Sir) with this *ſhort ſip* of it.
The *common Wrack* the *Royal Change* doth ſhare,
Babel of *Tongues*; the *Univerſes Fayre*;
Where *both Poles* daily *met*, and what *within*
The *ſpacious diſtance* of the *Poles* is *ſeen*:
The *Kingdows Marble Chronicle*. To *Thee*
(Great *Prince*) it ſhew'd thy *Royal Pedigree*,
For *three times Nine Deſcents*. Thy *Next*, the *Beſt*,
Diſlodg'd by *Rebels*, by *Thee*, *repoſſeſt*:
Now, with the *Church* He *hugg'd*, in *Ruines* lies,
But hopes, by *Second CHARLES*, a *Second Riſe*.
By *Him*, *You* ſtood, His *Name's* and *Vertue's Heir*;
The *Make-Peace Act* Your *gracious Hand* did bear,
Draught of that *Mind* which in Your *Royal Breſt*
The *Image* of th' *Eternal Mind* expreſt;
In whom, *Oblivion Vertue* is, and who
(As *You*) by *Pardons Treaſon* doth *ſubdue*.
For *Rebels*, whom *deſpair* with *Conrage* arms,
A *ſafe Retreat* into *ſubjection* charms.
Whence, though the *Marble*, and the *Paint* be not,
CHARLES living, th' *Amneſty* 'll ne're be *forgot*.
Greſham the *Kings* ſurvives. The *grateful Flame*
The *Founder* ſpar'd, that would not ſpare *the Frame*.
The *Watry Region* ſcapes not. *Conquering Flames*
Owe a *Revenge* unto their *Foe* the *Thames*.
Scullers and *Oars* now, *Weſtward Ho*! all cri'de,
Nor had they *leaſure* to expect a *Tide*.
From the *Lee-ſhoare* the *Ships* in haſt retire,
The *Wind* was thought a *milder Foe*, then *Fire*.

The

Crine novem; *atrata funus ſectante* Minerva.
Turbatur *lacrimis* Helicon; *non* pura Poetæ
Vena *exinde fluit* cænoſo e fonte *bibenti.*
In partem trahitur Regalis Burſa *ruinæ,*
Linguarum Babel, & Mundi Mercatus; utrumq;
Quotidie complexa Polum, *quodq;* inter utrumq; *eſt:*
Marmoreum Regni Chronicon; *ſerieq; vetuſta*
Exhibuit nuper Proavos *tibi* (CAROLE) Reges.
Optimus *a* Dextris *ſteterat* Tibi. *Sede revulſum*
Reſtituiſſe redux Pietas *tua geſtit avita,*
Et reduci charis Eccleſia *fulſit in Ulnis.*
Nunc jacet, *expectatq; iterum,* Te dante, *reponi:*
Proximus Ipſe Patri *fueras; quem* Nominis Hæres
Exprimis & virtute pari. Diploma *tenebat*
Pacificum *pacata* Manus: Mentemq; *benignam*
Exhibuit, Menti *ſimilem* per cuncta meanti,
Subjectum *cui* mira *tenet* Clementia Mundum.
Hæc quoq; laus Veſtra eſt; *Non* vi *domuiſſe rebelles,*
Sed ſceleri temere admiſſo *præbendo* receptum.
Fruſtra igitur, Vulcane *furens, in* Marmore ſævis,
Dum manet, (*&* maneat) *quem* Muta *expreſſit* Imago,
Et retinet CAROLUS *deſcriptam in* Marmore Mentem.
Septem *habuit ſupra* bis denos *Nobilis Ordo*
Septrigeros, *flammæ prædam; dum* Regibus *ipſis*
Unicus a grato ſtat Conditor *Igne* ſuperſtes.
Sed neq; graſſantem *prohibent* humentia Regna.
Namq; memor Pugnæ *pergit* victricibus Armis
Mulciber *in* Portus, *inimiciſq; imminet* Undis.
Omnia *confeſtim* ſolvunt retinacula Puppes
Permiſſæ Ventis: Ea *viſa eſt* lenior Ira.

Decreſcit

The *River ſhrinks*, and from the *threatning Heats*,
Now to the *Spring*, now to the *Sea* retreats.
An *Envoy-wave* diſpatcht to *Thetis-Court*,
Implores her *help*; which granted, to the *Port*
She *marcht*; but when ſhe *ſaw* the *Flames*, ſhe *fled*,
And *under water* hid her *frighted Head*.
Whiles *heated Waves* thus on themſelves *recoyle*,
The *Deep*, without a Metaphor, doth *boyle*.
The *ſcaly Troupes* ſcarce *ſafe* at *bottom* were,
The *daring Foes* chas'd and *attaqu'd* 'em there.
The *Fiſhermen* ne're made ſo ſtrange a *draught*;
'Tis thought, the *Fiſh* were *par-boyl'd* that they *caught*.
Four dayes did *Phœbus ſet*, but made no *Night*,
A *brighter Blaze* ſupply'd his *baffled Light*.
And all that while the *City wak'd*: What *ſenſe*
Of *weakneſs call'd* for, *Danger frighted* thence.
Till the *fifth Sun*, aſcending from the *Eaſt*,
With joy beheld the *Emulous Fire* ſuppreſt.
Whether becauſe the *Suburbs*, where it ſtay'd,
Were leſs with *crowded Buildings* over-lay'd:
Or their *Brick Edifices* ſtopt it there:
Or, that the Flames ſo *ſpread*, more *feeble* were:
(As Boggs *haſh'd* into *Gutters*, ſoon are *dry'd*:)
Or, that the *Wind* had *ſpit* out's *Lungs*, and *dy'd*:
Is *doubted*. Out of doubt, At *God's Arreſt*
The *all-devouring Fires* themſelves confeſt
Conquer'd, ſubmitting to *receive* again
Their *former* (now too long *rejected*) *Chaine*.
The *Fire* is *out*. But *diſmal marks* are ſeen,
To tell *ſucceeding Ages* where't hath *been*.

The

Decreſcit Thamiſis, *motuq;* reciproca, Fontes
Nunc *petit*, Oceanum *verſus* nunc *territa* tendit.
Nuncius *Æquoream* fluctus *præmiſſus ad* Aulam
Sollicitat Thetin; *a fundo* Thetis *excitat imo*
Auxilia; & montes *præruptos volvit* aquarum;
Sed ſimulac vidit majores Fluctibus Ignes,
Conſternata ſuis *fugiens Caput abdidit* Undis.
Æſtuat *interea, quo non aſſueverat*, æſtu
Flumen; & ima *petens* (*vix* imo *tuta* profundo)
Squamigera inſolitos *miratur* Turba calores.
Retiaq; *in* tepido *Piſcator* gurgite *tendens*
Educit tepido tepefactum gurgite Piſcem.
Quatriduum *ſine* Nocte *agitur*; *Nam* ſole *fugato*,
Prorogat *uſq;* diem, *ſuperatq;* Vicarius Ardor.
Quatriduum inſomnes *peragunt*; *ſuaſere* ſoporem
Exhauſtæ laſſis Vires, *vetuere* pericla.
Quintus *ubi Eois* Titan *emerſerat undis*,
Æmula *jam tandem viſa eſt* decreſcere Flamma.
Seu, quoniam media *quo longius itur ab* Urbe,
Rarior *occurrit*, ſpatioq; remotior *ædes*;
Coctilis & paries *ſurgit, non* commodus Igni.
Sive, (*quod in* ſulcos *diviſis accidit* undis)
Sparſus *in* extremas partes elanguit *æſtus*:
Sive Euri furor, *exhauſto* pulmone, *reſedit*:
Sive aliud, (Cœlo *certe* miſerante) *repreſſit*
Vulcani rabiem; *ſe tandem* faſſa domari
Induit excuſſas vaſtatrix flamma *catenas*.
Magna *tamen* tantæ *remanent* veſtigia ſtragis
Uſq; vel *ad* ſeros *forſan manſura* Nepotes.
Troja nova *eſt jam* Troja vetus; *duumq;* Omina *replet*

The Fate of *old Troy* did *New-Troy* betide,
Its *doubtful Pedigree*'s thus *juſtifi'd.*
The *City-now* is the *once-City*'s Tomb,
A *Sceleton* of *fleſhleſs Bones* become.
Its *Venerable Ruines* have the *Name*
Of what it *was*, but *little* elſe the *ſame.*
As in *Kings Monuments*, their *Aſhes* bear
Titles, and *Scutcheons* which the *Kings* did *wear.*
Its *greateſt* part *without* the *Walls* beſtow'd,
London's not now *within*, but *gone abroad.*
Grief cramps my *heart*; nor doth my *Muſe* ſuffice
To the *laſt Act* of *London*'s *Tragedies.*
Let thoſe *impregnate Fancies*, which the *view*
Of that *Diſaſter* fill'd, this *Theme* purſue.
Meer Fame, I know, *dull Notions* muſt infuſe;
Yet *wiſh not* ſuch a *ſight* t' *enrich* my *Muſe.*
In *brief*, (for *tir'd Accountants* cloſe with *Greats*)
Know, *Churches*, *Publique Halls*, and *Princely Seats*,
Schools, *Hoſpitals*; and what *brave Piles* ſoe're
Por *State* or *Uſe* our *Anceſtors* did *reare*,
Lye *raz'd*; with what was *rais'd* by *later Times*,
To eternize their *Vertues*, or their *Crimes.*
All *Europe* mourns at *London*'s *Funerals.*
Yea, our *ſuſpected Foes*, (if *true* or *falſe*,
Day'll bring to *light*) like *ſolemn grief* declare.
We, (ſith we wiſh 'em *innocent*) not *dare*
To *charge* 'em with a *Guilt* they thus *diſclaim.*
And yet, if *Time* ſhall *hidden fraud* proclaim,
Reſolve to *laſh* 'em. Our *juſt Muſe* beſtows
Bayes on the *valiant*, *Rods* on *treacherous Foes.*

THE

Nominis, & *tantæ* Fatis æquata *Parenti*,
Occidit; *inde fidem* dubiis natalibus *addit*.
Urbs Auguſta *ſibi* incubuit, *ſibi facta* ſepulchrum;
Carnibus *oſſa* exuta *jacent*, ſceletonq; *venuſti*
Corporis *oſtentant*, *ipſa* venerabile Clade.
Et velut in Tumulis *caſſorum lumine* Regum
Nil *quod erat*, *præter* cineres, & Nomina *reſtat*:
Nomen *habent* cineres; Urbs *vix reperitur* in Urbe:
Exulat (*heu!*) excluſa ſuis *pars maxima* muris.
Plura *loqui* dolor *ipſe vetat neq;* ſufficit *ultra*
Melpomene *æqualem mihi* tanta *ad* funera *verſum*.
Vos, *quibus iſta* oculis ſubjecta fidelibus, *alta*
Mente repoſta ſedet, Muſamq; impregnat *Imago*,
Scribite. *Namq;* audita *mihi non* viſa *canenti*
(*Nec* vellem vidiſſe *tamen*) ſterileſcat *oportet*
Ingenium, ſpecie *nequaquam* compare *fultum*.
Nec mihi propoſitum *eſt* Numerum ſuperantia *damna*
Exigere ad numeros, (*generatim dicere laſſo*
Sufficiat:) *Fumant* Muſæa, Palatia, Templa,
Hoſpitia; & *quicquid* ſumptu *ſpectabile*, & uſu
Antiqua *extruxit* Pietas, & *quicquid* avitis
Magnifici *adjecit* Pietas Luxuſve Nepotum.
Indolet *interea noſtris* Europa *ruinis*.
Quin & ſuſpectus *tanti modo criminis* Hoſtis
Ingemit, *aut ſaltem cupit* ingemuiſſe videri.
Nos, *neq;* *quæ* voluiſſe negant, *objecta probamus*:
Sed neq; (*ſi* volvenda Dies, *quæ* vera *tenebris*
Eruit, *indiciis fraudem* nudabit *apertis*)
Parcemus; cumulare *ſimul* benefacta *parati*
Laudibus, & malefacta Notis *proſcindere* Juſtis.

The AUTHOR *to the* GRAVER.

Upon occaſion of a Draught *expreſſing* London in Flames, *deſigned to have been* prefixed *as a* Frontiſpice *to the* Poem; *but* forborn *upon* ſecond thoughts.

HOld Graver, *hold*! In vain thou doſt engage
To crowd the *Book* into the *Title-page*.
Thy *Plate* too much beneath thy *Project* falls.
For, though it ſhew us *Flames*, and *tottering Walls*,
If that be *all*, thy *Title* thou'lt *bely*:
None takes the *Scene* to be the *Tragedy*.
No; *Londons Flames* ſhould ſo be ſet to *view*,
That thoſe who *ſee*, in part may *feel* 'em too;
And even thoſe that *cannot ſee*, may find
Th' *eye*'s not th' *onely Glaſs* that *burns the mind*.
Say then; canſt thou *expreſs* the *ſhriekes* and *cryes*,
That *rent* the *Clouds*, and *pierc'd* the melting *Skies*?
Can thy *Deſcriptions* accent *Babels Voyces*,
Or give due *Ecchoes* to *confuſed Noyſes*?
Canſt thou expreſs the *bawlings* of a *Croud*,
Wherein *none*'s *heard*, 'cauſe *every one* is *loud*?
Or the *Extortions*, *Thefts*, and *cozening feats*
Of *Porters*, *Carters*, *Water-men*, and *Cheats*?
Canſt thou deſcribe the *ſounds* of *tuneleſs Bells*,
Whoſe *awkward Muſick* tolls their *Steeples Knells*?
The *cracks* of *tumbling Houſes*, and the *greeting*
Of *tottering Roofs*, and *battering Cannons* meeting?
Canſt thou to view preſent the *hiſſing ſteams*
Of *melted Metals* check'd with *cooling ſtreams*?
Or draw the *medley* of *compounded ſmells*,
Forc'd, ſome from *fragrant*, ſome from *naſty Cells*?

Canſt

Canſt reach the *Horrors* of *diſtracted minds*,
Where *ghaſtly fear* with *woful grief* combines?
Grief, which *expreſſion* from *amazement* borrows,
Whiles *Tears* are *ſtifled* by *profounder ſorrows*.
Or th' *Hurrey* which *diſtemper'd Fancies* fills,
Where *Thought* ſtabs *Thought*, and *Project*, *Project* kills?
Where *what* to *ſave*, 's in *doubt*, till *all* be *loſt*,
And *ſlow Reſolves* by *ſpeedy Fates* are croſt?
Canſt draw the *Miſers Paſſions*, while he *lags*
In *midſt* of *Flames*, hugging his *darling Bags*;
Whom, *loath to loſe*, and *loath to give*, divide,
Neer *ſacrific'd* to what he *deifi'd*?
Or a *juſt Love* 'twixt *equal Children* parted,
Where *one* muſt be *preferr'd*, th' *other deſerted*?
Or, whiles both *Goods* and *Childrens danger* ſcares,
The *Mothers bowels*, and the *Fathers cares*?
Or *labouring throws*, and *Births precipitate*,
Where the *Fright*'s *Midwife*, and the *Nurſe* is *Fate*?
If *none* of theſe within thy *Picture* come,
Confeſs it *ſhort*, and give the *Poet* room.
Poetry is an *Intellectual Mint*,
That ſtamps a *Picture* with a *ſpirit* in't;
Whoſe *ſecret Magick* Senſes want ſupplyes,
And makes *Spectators* where it finds no *Eyes*.
Thus that *old Bard* doth in his *Iliad* draw
Battels to th' *life*, 'tis ſaid, he *never ſaw*:
And makes thoſe *Hector* and *Achilles* ſee,
Whoſe *outward Organs* are as *blind* as *He*.
'Tis *ſacred Flame*, whoſe *ſubtil Influence*
Can *melt* the *Soul*, and never *ſcorch* the *Senſe*.

'Tis

'Tis the *Minds Microſcope*, that helps the *Eye*
To the *leaſt inſect-thought's Anatomy*:
That *ſecret'ſt motions* through their *ſymptomes* traces;
And renders *Souls* as viſible as *Faces*.

This, this. can *Londons Fate* moſt lively ſhew,
That paints its *inſide-Flames*, and *outſide*, too.
And ſuch an *Artiſt*, *London*, wiſh I thee;
And *next*, would *wiſhing* do't, *That I were He*.

Which, *Graver*, though *I'm not*, *my Draught* of *thine*
Hath th' *odds*, which *better Poems* have of *mine*.
Barr *Emulation* then, and try thy *Art*;
The *Poets Zany* is the *Graver's part*.
Thy *Preface-Lines*, I grant, may *ſomewhat* do
To ſtead the *Stationer*, and *Poem* too.
For oft the *Book*'s turn'd for the *Baby-Letter*,
And *ſorry Cuts* helps *Ballads* off the better.
In *Legends* too, ſome ſay, (nor is't *deny'd*)
Some are by th' *painted Saints* beſt *edify'd*:
For *Lyes* in *Picture*, with their *Art delight*,
Which, told for *Truth*, the Hearers *Faith affright*.

Yea, perhaps, thou may'ſt *wiſer Readers* draw,
To *greet* a *Muſe*, till now, they *never ſaw*.
For 'tis the *Buſh*, that leads us to the *Wine*;
And men know where the *Sight* is, by the *Sign*.

On therefore, but with my *advice* comply,
And thus thy *Scene* fit to the *Tragedy*.
Conceit *Troy*'s Flames, and thoſe that *Nero* made,
To *ſymbolize* with the *ſad Tune* he play'd:
* *Brennus* Or thoſe he caus'd, whoſe * *Name* did *Burning* bear,
When *Jove* and *Rome* to *Geeſe* obliged were.

With

With thoſe that laid *Jeruſalem* in *duſt*:
And thoſe of *Foreign Vulcans*, tan'e on *Truſt*
From *Travellers*; t' *impregnate* thy *Deſign*,
And make *thy Fancy* more *reſemble mine*.
Then from ſome *ghoſtly Father* get a *Spell*,
To view the *Cave*, they ſay, *joyns* next to *Hell*:
From that *Original* thy *Fancy* fill,
(For that's *pure Fancy*) and then *try* thy *skill*.
Or, laſtly, *antedate* the *general Fire*
In *thought*, and thy *Invention* thence *inſpire*.
Thus *arm'd*, take *Londons ſituation* right,
And *ſpread* a *Mantle* o're't of *blackeſt Night*.
Take *Lights* and *Shades* from *its Blaze*: Lookers on
Were ſatisfi'd, it might *ſupply* the *Sun*.
Next, place in*ſtead* of th' *often-changing Dame*,
A *black Cloud*, big with *ſheets* of *Oyly Flame*;
Ruffled by *Eurus*, puffing out o'th' *Eaſt*
Ætnean Vapours from's *incenſed Breaſt*.
Let them *drop melted Starres*, toſs'd up and down
To *ſcatter ruines* through the *ſcared Town*.
Out of the *Skies*, (to ſhew from *whence* it came)
Stretch out an *Hand* arm'd with a *Rod of Flame*.
Bound with a *Scrowle*, which let this *Motto* fill,
England amend, his hand is ſtretcht out ſtill.
Let *Flames*, on *march*, a *mile* in *front* appear,
Brought up with *Ruines ſmothering* in the *Rear*:
I'th' *Van*, expreſs me *Pauls*, as yet *entire*,
But let its *Roof run* from th' *approaching Fire*.
Some *dwellings charg'd* by *ſcouting Heats*, let *ſmoak*;
And *others*, ſtand *forlorn* t' expect the *ſhock*.

On

On top of *ſome*, thick *Crowds* with *Buckets* arm
For *Charge*; but *flying* at the *firſt Alarm*.
Let *ruining Hooks* others expoſed *ſhake*;
And *gaping Chaſmes* let *Warlike Engines* make.
Expreſs me *Roofs blown up* into the *Aire*;
And *Flames* they *flye beneath* let *meet* 'em *there*.
Next, draw a *reeking Thames*, and *Barges flying*
With *ſinged Sayles*, and *ſtifled Fiſhes* dying.
This done, a *Jeſuit* place in *view* o'th' *whole*,
At *Faux*'s *bo-peep* in ſome *ſneaking hole*,
Laughing in's *ſleeve*: and let this be the *Mot*,
Ha! this hits better then the Powder-plot.
Then on the *top* of *Pauls* let be *expreſt*,
A *melting Phœnix* in a *flaming Neſt*.
Hope will *expound* the *Emblem*; though I *fear*
Few hope, 'twill *ſoon* be *verified there*.
Laſtly, If any *nook* remain *unfill'd*,
(He's loath an *whole Page* for his *Face* be *ſpill'd*)
The *Poet* in a *Cypreſs-wreath* inſert;
(The *Lawrel* is a badg of a *Deſert*,
Which he *pretends not to*: beſides, he *wears*
An *heart* more ſuiting to an *Age of Tears*:)
Pale, like the *City*'s *Aſhes*, make his *Looks*,
(Too many *wear* its *Fires*:) by, let his *Books*
(*Jeremy*'s *Threnes*, *Salvian*, *Gildas*, and
The *Triſtia* of the *baniſh'd Poet*) ſtand:
Let his *Eyes drop* into his *Ink*, and thence
Supply his *Quill*, and *mingle* with his *ſenſe*.
But ne're ask, *Who He is*: Find *any He*
That's *ſuch an one*, and let him *ſtand for Me*.

FINIS.

THe *Latin* Poem which in this is rendred in *Engliſh* with the other Poems of the ſame Author, relating to the *Firing* and *Ruines* of *London*, are to be Sold by *Sa. Gellibrand* at the Ball in St. *Pauls*-Church-yard.